

Then he said, "May I say more?"

"Yes, say on."

"You say our Father—He is your Father?"

"Yes."

"Does it mean He is my Father—poor Indian's Father?"

"Yes, your Father."

"Your Father, missionary's Father, Indian's Father?"

"Yes."

"Then we are brothers?"

"Yes," I said, "we are brothers."

"Ah," said he, "it does seem to me that you, my white brethren, with that great book and its wonderful story, have been a long time coming to tell it to your red brother of the woods."

That is the question which the weary, waiting, longing pagan millions of earth's nations are asking us—why we, with the Bible, should be so long coming with its wondrous story. — *Selected.*

THREE FAILURES AND A SUCCESS.



POOR old man lay sick in a tumble-down shanty. He could not work. He had no friends. He was starving to death.

There came along a man with big glasses who described all the poor man's symptoms after one look through his wise spectacles. The sage gave the sick man a lecture on nutrition. He described clearly the constant waste of the tissues of the body, requiring as constant a supply. Noticing the holes in the roof and walls, and feeling the draughts, the philosopher explained about the great air currents, and showed of what a mighty and irresistible system of circulation that room was then quite noticeably forming a part. Why, it was as good as a treatise on physiology, and another on physical geography. But the sick man grew worse.

Then came along a man whose heart was so tender that the mere sight of the poor man's emaciated features made him tremble, and he wept all the time the poor man was telling his story. In fact, he went away with his handkerchief to his eyes, and he could not enjoy his dinner for thought of the poor man starving, and his warm fire made him feel quite uncomfortable when he remembered the holes in the poor man's shanty. He was deeply moved. But the sick man grew worse.

Then came along a man who was filled with indignation at the pitiable sight. He declared that the possibility of such a thing was a standing disgrace to our civilization. He declared that there was a screw loose somewhere. He

went to work and started the "Bit and Brace Society," whose purpose was to find that screw and tighten it. But the sick man grew worse.

Then came along a man who was poor also, but rich in love. He shared his living with the starving man. He got some rude boards and patched the roof and walls. His example inspired many others to come to his assistance. And the sick man got well. Not by knowledge, not by sympathy, but by love. — *The Golden Rule.*

AN AGGRESSIVE WARFARE.

IN this war of subjugation, this contest of supremacy, the Church must use all the agencies and command all the forces which God has placed within her reach. Head, heart, financial strength, not of an occasional member, but of the entire Church, all are to be laid on the altar as a willing contribution to the success of the cause—all are to be subordinated to and co-operative with the Holy Ghost. The Church must be educated to enable it to see the world's need and qualify it to plan for its relief. The Church must have the wealth of this age to sustain the enterprises of sufficient breadth and force to quicken and save the perishing masses. Then with that specific trust that secures the divine co-operation the work will be speedily accomplished.

Let all the legitimate agencies of the Church be put into active operation and prosecuted with the same energy which is devoted to secular business, and the victories of the cross will be speedy and complete. Has the desert been recovered to fertility, have forests been transformed into fruitful fields, has the morass been drained and its poisonous exhalations healed, has the sterile waste been compelled to yield an abundant harvest? Then with the same degree of skill and effort on the part of the Church, heathens shall perish, selfishness and sensuality be obliterated, and the world lay down its wealth of affection at the Redeemer's feet.

Let the Church do all God commands, and do it in the order of the divine arrangement, and the seas of opposition shall divide, the rivers of difficulty shall separate, the walled Jerichos of scepticism and depravity shall fall, and the shout of triumph ring out grandly everywhere.

Let the Church "awake and put on her strength," and go forth clad in "beautiful garments," "Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners," and the "stone shall crush the image to powder," and the four quarters of the globe unite in one universal psalm of praise to God.